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NEWS



Middlebury's administration has advised students: "Anyone caught in the crows' area of campus may already be assumed dead— or worse, shat on."

Film Major Watches Friend Get Mauled to Death By Crows, Says Hitchcock Did It Better

Last week, as film major Tino Tarant '22.5 was walking past Munford at night, he witnessed his friend and classmate, Tip. P. Hedren '22.5 getting mauled to death by several hundred crows who descended upon her seemingly from the bowels of hell. Despite the scene being horrifically shocking to all who saw her mangled corpse the morning after, Tarant merely stood by and noted that it would have been a lot more powerful in black and white.

According to other onlookers, Tarant had just gotten an A on a paper for his FMMC: 221 Theory of

Overanalysis class, and was taking notes on how Hedren failed to catch the light in an alluring manner while having the flesh torn from her forearms. Although other, less observant classmates, tried to rush to her defense only to find themselves viciously attacked by the ravenous flock, Tarant reports that he stayed firmly in place, as he simply didn't feel moved enough by her flailing silhouette.

"Sure it was gruesome," Tarant told the Local Noodle. "But, let's be honest, nobody does it like Hitchcock. She had no music to underscore her trauma, no kitchy

cameos from an old British man, and not even a hint of a couture outfit. I couldn't even call the scene derivative because it really looked like she didn't want to be there. Pitiful."

Despite multiple calls from the campus community to do something about these murderous birds, Tarant insists that the real danger posed by them is the mimetic risk of accidentally recreating a scene from Schitt's Creek's "The Crowning" — a show he of course has never seen because he "doesn't own a TV," as "television is for the uninformed masses."

Chinese Exchange Student Confused When Everyone at Atwater party Misuses Common Mandarin Phrase

Jessica Luo '22, an exchange student from Shanghai, was bewildered upon attending her first American college party, when she heard her new friends Brad, Chad, Thad, and Parker seemingly flexing their knowledge of Mandarin over the thumping music of their Atwater suite.

"I didn't expect Brad, Chad, Thad, and Parker to know so much Mandarin...it seemed as if they were trying to say 那个 (which is pronounced as néige)," said Luo, who specifically wore her spiffiest crop-top and most stellar AirForce 1s to the event. "It felt like I was back in Shanghai!"

Luo's roommate Elizabeth Williams '22, an active member of the Black Student Union, did not share Luo's sentiment.

"I'm literally a TA for Chinese 202 and I'm pretty sure Brad, Chad, Thad, and Parker don't take Chinese," Williams was overheard telling Luo on their way out of the suite. "Also, I saw Brad's BMW at Atwater lot and he has a Confederate flag on it."

Luo left the Atwater party earlier anyway, after hearing Mr. Brightside about a hundred times. Next, she went to a Palana party that Williams was hosting, where she heard Bad Bunny's new song also about a hundred times. Luo also later remarked how the partiers at Palana had a much better command of Mandarin.

At the time of publication The Noodle was informed that there had been a complaint of racial abuse; Brad, Chad, Thad, and Parker did not receive punishment.

Men's Sportteam Hosts Sexual Violence Open Meeting

Following the postponement of the Title IX Office's Sexual Violence Open Meeting, a group of male athletes sent out a new email to the student bodies reminding them that their sportteam hosts nightly sexual violence open meetings, and that they're never postponed.

Although the SGA pushed back with limp force, emphasizing the educational focus of the Title IX meeting, the email promised a hands-on learning experience with only partial participation required. The attached poster included a thorough itinerary of events starting promptly at 7:30pm and ending wherever the attendees wake up. The itinerary listed:

- 7:30 Only the hot ones allowed
- 7:35 More drinks
- 7:40 "No that's *totally* a compliment."
- 7:45 What's in this drink?
- 7:50: All invited
- 8:00 Masks-on strip pong
- 8:15 No don't leave, it's so cold out, you'll freeze.

The Presence link came with an RSVP button but the event byline emphasized that attendance is compulsory.

Although even club sport students voiced concerns that the concept of consent seemed absent throughout the invitation, they quickly realized that since the athletes did register correctly with Presence, and there's no food at the event, there's no way to stop it from happening. Moreover, women shouting about sexual violence on campus were told that raising your voice is a COVID safety issue, and that they shouldn't have gotten within 6ft of the precious baby boys in the first place. To ensure that athletes will retain the green light from the SAO, if no one else, to engage in full contact sports, any female students found discussing the meetings will be removed from campus to serve as examples that abuse of close contact privileges will not be tolerated.

The athletes added at the end of the email that just in case you and your friends aren't able to make it, the event will be filmed on zoom.

NEWS

Middlebury Sends Covid Policy Violators to School Abroad in Siberia

Inspired by George Orwell's 1945 magnum opus *Animal Farm*, Middlebury has deliberated a new punishment route for violators of the school's Covid safety policy—relocation to Siberia. Located next to the Siberian Marbleworks, the wintry campus of the Middlebury School Abroad in Irkutsk is reminiscent of April in Vermont.

At the school in Siberia, students follow the "Five Week Plan," which entails experimental agricultural studies to teach them the importance of hard work. Traditional practices include wading through waist deep icy rivers, single handedly harvesting lumber using only a hatchet, and wielding a scythe to cut the fields of the Ukok Plateau. Those who don't work fast enough are sent to the "General Union for those who Lag Behind," nicknamed the "Gulag" for short. On the other hand, students who demonstrate excellent comradeship are allotted

hammer-sickle-shaped fidget spinners to numb their mental anguish.

Violators have been surprisingly positive about their experience abroad. Some students sent to Siberia have taken up the local culture and created go/KGB to report on other rule-breaking members of the community.

Ukrainian exchange student Inna Pickleovich '22 was sent abroad after forgetting to fill out their Policy Path for two weeks, stating: "I deserved it. I totally see where they were coming from and this isn't extreme at all."

Despite the cold Siberian weather, Inna seemed pretty cozy, sweating profusely the entire interview. Unidentifiable under ushanka-hats and masks, a group of men in heavy fur coats lined the back wall of the interview room. "Don't mind them!" said Pickleovich, smiling and blinking furiously.



"Blyat, it fucking suck here."

Bihall Window Hit by Largest Bird in Vermont

Students in Bihall were left extremely startled, yet thrilled, when they looked up after hearing an enormous "thunk" only to see the largest bird in Vermont had collided with the largest window in Vermont. The bird, a ginormous White Breasted Nuthatch, who students are now affectionately referring to as "Robert," was unfortunately killed on impact, though no damage is believed to have been done to the window it collided with.

Although the average White Breasted Nuthatch is approximately 14.7 centimeters in length, this bird was approximately 50 feet tall, easily making him the largest bird in the state, if not the country.

Even more amazing was the noise Robert made when he collided with Bicentennial Hall's enormous window. Freshman Alexander Lamech '24 said it was comparable with a jet engine or the Ross Dining hall soft serve ice cream machine when functional. The thunderous thud was especially shocking because the window is just so large, but, then again, so was Robert.

"Scared the bejeezus out of everyone," says Lamech. "There was screaming, crying, the whole nine yards. I even saw it about ten

seconds before it collided with the glass, and it still rattled me. I kept thinking 'damn, that bird is big, might even be the biggest bird I've ever seen, but it'll surely turn in a second, right?' But alas, it didn't."

Despite the initial scare, students have had mixed reactions to news of the bird's death. Some are calling it a senseless tragedy and are considering asking Midd to cover Bihall's windows with a sheet of sorts until the CBRT can conduct a complete investigation into the incident.

Others, like tour guide Clara

Goodwin '22, are far more celebratory.

"Are you kidding me?" asks Goodwin. "When visitors are allowed on campus again, I am going to tell every god damn tour I get about it. Everyone will know about Middlebury's newest and best claim to fame—we now have the biggest bird in the state! I'll taxidermy it myself if I have to!"

On a likely unrelated note, a 51 foot-tall White Breasted Nuthatch has been seen circling the Vermont Teddy Bear Factory.



"Ahhhhhh!" says birdphobe.

College Panther Plans on Eating Student on First Date

The College's resident panther is hungry.

After a long, 27 year sleep, he has woken to find the world changed. No longer can he wait outside of frat houses to munch on drunk students, or attack large groups at football games. Humans upped their game, and so will he.

Last week, the panther, under the name "Laurie McCardell", completed the Midd Marriage Pact survey. For the first time, he is able to use an algorithm to find the ideal appetizer to start his year-long feast. He meticulously labored over his computer, deciding on just what type of student he wants—someone who is a slut for drama, but also not an English major. As a result, he was matched with Chad Powers '23, who invited the panther for a walk on the TAM.

"McCardell" was satisfied with his match. Witnesses report that Chad was seen trying to escape to the Knoll shed before having his arms, legs, and eventually his big head bitten off in one of the campus's first incidents of premeditated chomping in years.

Longstanding Professor of History, Old Oldie, shed some light on the context of the incident. "It is a common belief that the college was founded by the town to educate scholars," said Oldie, "but it was actually founded by the town to attract out-of-towners so that the panther would stop eating townspeople and eat students instead."

In a follow-up email, the office of the president said that they were "Gravely disturbed" by the matter and that, for any panthers reading, this campus "cannot be a place where people get eaten."

When reached for comment, the panther did not try to defend his actions.

"Chivalry might not be dead," said the panther, "but Chad Powers sure fucking is."

COVID-19 UPDATES

Student Nasal Swab Glows Blue after Detecting Orcs Nearby

Pandemonium erupted in Virtue Field House today as sophomore Carlos Took '23 concluded his Covid-19 PCR test only to realize his covid swab had turned to a luminescent shade of azure blue. In accordance with protocol designed by Middlebury's own prominent Tolkien scholar and computer science professor, the facility was forced to slow testing and brace themselves for an onslaught of orcs.

Unfortunately, Took's swab proved not to be a false-positive. Approximately four minutes later, at 1:30 pm, a horde of orcs appeared and formed a line outside of Virtue to receive Covid tests of their own. While most of the orcs failed to produce a "Safe for School" certificate on their Policy Path apps, those that did make it into the facility proved to be quite the nuisance.

"They seemed to have no concept of social distancing," says senior Abigail Strider '21. "Not only did they seem to swipe their student IDs the wrong way multiple times before finally printing their labels,

they took their masks completely off when blowing their noses and kept conveniently 'forgetting' to sanitize their hands. The way they waved their swords around was also disturbing."

Employees and students alike seem to agree the orcs created some egregious delays in the testing process.

"One orc named Rat-lung came to my station," said hockey coach and Covid test administrator Elise Hart, "and must have gone through ten different swabs. Everytime he brought it out of his nose it was like bang- more debris!"

As the orcs have not been seen at Virtue until this week, they have all been relocated to Munford until they are cleared from quarantine. Until then, the orcs have purportedly been spotted passing time by meeting with football coaches and players digitally and preparing for Spring MDC auditions.



"I don't get it," says student who is not a nerd.

Student from Boston Insists the I in BIPOC stands for Irish

In great news for Jimmy McMillan '23, Vermont just opened up its vaccine program for anyone identifying as BIPOC, which Jimmy believes stands for Black, Irish, People of Color.

Although many people have tried to tell McMillan that the "I" stands for Indigenous, Jimmy says that the pain the Irish have endured in this country is second to none. The Irish were persecuted by the British, are appropriated every year by drunk people,

and the first Catholic President of the United States was shot in broad daylight. According to McMillan if anybody should be receiving a vaccine based on generational trauma, it's the Irish.

"Do I identify as a Person of Color?" Yes. I do," McMillan was overheard saying while pleading with the COVID Vaccine help-line. "Look at these freckles! Well...you can't really see them right now, but in the summer

they're really bad!"

Despite his deep historical analysis of the Irish plight, McMillan was told he'd have to wait his turn, to which he huffed and said his Father—and the Son, and the Holy Ghost— would be hearing about this.

Jimmy was last seen in a fist fight outside of the Dunkin Donuts when another student from Boston dared to suggest the "I" in BIPOC actually stands for Italian.

Twice-Weekly COVID Tests Exposed as Ploy to Destroy Students' Hand Biome:

Leaked audio from the new National Collegiate Covid Response Force, chaired by Mark Peluso, John the Baptist, Saint Francis of Assisi, Dereck Doucet, and a number of other esteemed colleagues, revealed the sinister origin behind biweekly testing. Apparently, testing students twice a week for Covid has nothing to do with detecting the virus, and everything to do with destroying student's hand biomes.

Indeed, antimicrobial agents have been employed en masse to obliterate Middlebury student's hand epidermis.

"Just put up like five hand sanitizing stations and watch 'em fumble with greasy q-tip packaging,"

noted President Joseph Biden in the call. "That'll show those libtards."

Addressing the situation, a spokesman for the response force claimed "The Supreme Covid Council wanted to be sure the goupysheer of multiple hearty squirts would render student's meathooks slippery for the rest of the day."

Multiple firsthand accounts report seeing testers refilling sanitizing stations with a mixture of Svedka and Vaseline to further screw with Middlebury students.

Middlebury's Center for Health and Wellness maintains they had no knowledge of this aseptic agenda and have opened a hotline for students grappling with this news.

COVID-19 UPDATES

**COVID TESTS
FOR MEN**

**Ribbed for
Your Pleasure**

**Now Scented
with Pine Sap**

Industrious

Rugged

Strapping

JUST LIKE YOU



**B e e e e e p Boop
Hunter Biden Sex
Trafficking?
CLICK HERE
to learn
more if
you're a
patriot
and do not look
it up anywhere
else, plz.....**



Vaccinated Students Rejoice at Rim-Con

As an increasing amount of students receive the Covid vaccine, students rush to return to the hobbies that make them feel at peace. Some revisit restaurants, or reunite with friends—and make no mistake, everyone longs to rim again.

After what has been described as a “significant amount of brown-nosing,” a small group of Middlebury seniors, backed by the Youthful Alliance of Merriment and, strangely, log rolling clubs, received a few hundred dollars in

funding from the student government to rent out a few tents, tarps, and water stations to set up on Battell Beach.

“It’s been the toughest year of my life,” says Rim-Con organizer Bott Stoff. “Rimming was the glue that kept me together. I’m just happy to have it back, and am ecstatic so many people RSVP’d.”

Indeed, every single vaccinated student on campus showed up to the event for a grand total of three hundred in attendance.

Not everyone is vaccinated, however, and some students, such as junior Will Tongue ‘22 are angry this event was not saved for later.

“My vaccine isn’t for another month,” said Tongue wistfully as he gazed out the window of his Forest single to the festivities on the Beach. “Why didn’t they wait for me? This shouldn’t be happening today.” Fighting back tears, he screamed “its Ross BBQ sandwich day goddam it!”

How to Masturbate During Zoom Class

Picture this: it’s been 9 days since your roommate left the dorm. Suddenly, your stinky roommate decides to leave the dungeon you call Battel 216. Now is your time. Your Greek meninist philosophy class is about to start, but with your roommate gone, the time is now. With a quick exhale of concentration, you decide you want to embark on the journey of a lifetime.

As you pull down your drawers you think, am I about to masturbate on Zoom? Yes. You are. Here’s how to do it.

Step 1: Position your camera in a way to NOT show your coochie. The goal of this is to NOT expose yourself. The fun in this is ninja-like pleasure for you and only you.

Step 2: Finding the right content

4A. We get it, it’s (not always) hard. Your professor is dragging on about the thematic elements of Antigone... are you really going to watch that? Don’t. It’s fucking weird. Antigone might touch on the Oedipus Complex, but come on. Just pull up a photo of your friend’s mom.

4B. Easy. Search what you like.

Judgement free.

4C. Think about your prince: William,

Andrew, Charles, or Philip. Mostly Philip.

Step 5: Keep a Poker Face. If you choose to keep your camera on (no judgement, you voyeuristic freak) you must keep a straight face while staying turned on. This can be achieved by thinking about something sad, but sexy, like the firefighters in 9/11. So hot.

Step 6: Let her rip.

Step 7: Clean up. Unless you’re planning on edging for your entire hour and a half class, you’re going to need to be flexible. Literally. Science shows that an ounce of special sauce has major health benefits. It’s also great for your skin. No matter your gender, there’s a great hack for storing your au natural juice for later - mix it in with your hand sani! The colors won’t be sus, and it kills off any bad boy germ residue.

Now that you know the tricks of the trade feel free to utilize your skills whenever you see fit; job interviews, breakout rooms, and telehealth appointments are all great times to rub out a quick one. We’re all doing it, why not give it a try?

OPINION

Editorial

Professors Should Be Seen and Not Heard

Dear Middlebury student body,

We need to discuss the single defining issue of 2021: Professors’ viewpoints. This all started with seeing profs on Twitter. It’s fucking unnatural.

At first we naively thought “oh that’s cute. They have a little bio and everything.” But dear GOD were we wrong. You see, we at the Noodle believe that professors, much like women, should be seen and not heard.

We think it’s adorable that they’re branching out beyond their little desks (where do they live?) but if we have to hear what they ate for dinner one more time we swear to God we will re-organize this club into something much worse than the Middlebury Independent.

But our declaration does not stop with Twitter. Upon reflection, we ask how necessary professors are to the college experience in general. Do we really need to hear from them? Do we really need them to tell us to “learn” or say “do the readings?”

You see, we think that professors look great in photos for brochures and contribute to the 25+ demographic that is severely lacking on this campus. What we didn’t realise was that their words would hold meaning in our lives, or even be somewhat critical to our ability to graduate. That seems a little overblown don’t you think?

Don’t get us wrong, we think that they’re precious in their little get-ups, we especially love it when they wear those fancy robes (give us more!!), but we just feel having them speak is too much. Frankly, their voices are a little pitchy and very preachy. We’re sure they have interesting thoughts, we just don’t want to hear them. Ok? Also, quite frankly, we’re sick of them judging our “thoughts” and demanding “participation.” It needs to stop.

Join us, Middlebury, in saying: our professors’ “job” of determining our academic performance is over.

As an added bonus, we think they’re hotter when they’re not talking.

Healthfulness is Next to Godliness

Until this past weekend, I have never considered myself “Godly” or religiously inclined. Sure, my mom and grandmother would often spout Philipians 4:13 before my middle school soccer matches and I can recite “The Lord’s Prayer” with much more proficiency than Will Ferrell in *The Campaign*, but otherwise I have called myself agnostic and left the spiritual realms of meta-being to the monks of all denominations and skateboarded my life away. *Rehhhswoosh*

However, this ungodly nonchalance vanished last Friday when I picked up a care package from my mother dearest. I ripped the tape off the box, threw it haphazardly on top of the tall plastic bins in McCullough, and grabbed around. The result of my archaeology? A new toothbrush, \$250 stuffed inside a Winnie the Pooh card, a family photo, and an economy-sized bottle of Flintstone vitamin gummies.

After getting back to my abode on Stew 4 (best floor, #bars), I sat down amongst the evidence of an arduous week at Middlebury and contemplated the weekend’s trajectory. Would I add to the empty cans that colorfully littered my side of the room? Would I be forced to clean up in hopes of seducing a girl from the floor below? I looked at the card again and reread my mother’s gentle reminder to be a good person and clean my room once in a while: “cleanliness is next to Godliness.” Bullshit!

Overwhelmed by choices, I picked up the Flintstone gummies. Just something to look at. Fuck it, I thought. I pulled out the titty shot glass I had shoplifted from a dinky marina on the Outer Banks last summer, filled it aggressively with vitamins, and threw it back. A little rebellion against my overwhelming weekend social life.

Now, this tale isn’t endorsed by CDC or FDA guidance, but good riddance. That would disrupt the free market, for fuck’s sake! Minutes after ingestion, I felt a strange tingling. Weird, but not unheard after macro-dosing...probably something like what my dad experiences when he takes his Viagra. I looked in the mirror. I grunted. I looked like Fred fucking Flintstone. No, I was myself! Only, strangely, I had been Flintstonified. I felt a primal urge to jump off elevated surfaces, so I knocked out my window screen and made for the ground. After picking myself up, I looked around -- mating wooly mammoths had overtaken the tennis courts and a saber-tooth tiger prowled the entrance to the Gamut cave. I picked up a stick, a club of sorts, and made for Mead Chapel. Other cavemen and cavewomen wandered about with large sacks of rocks on their shoulders. I looked up at the foreign, marble structure. Somehow, my brain could still comprehend the wavy lettering of Psalm 95:4, “The Strength of the Hills is His also.”

The religious message was dizzying. I couldn’t accept God, but caveman-me could on my behalf. I sat, staring at the Green Mountains around us and wondered: could I be strong through God? If He was holding me back because of my crass dismissal, then what did I have to do to reach Revelation? With tears of sadness and joy streaming, my cheeks bubbling with crazed laughter as thoughts trained through my smooth, smooth brain, I laid my head to the ground, listening for the Hills, and for God.

My readers might think I’m batshit, and that’s okay. They haven’t experienced Providence as a Flintstone. After coming down from the vitamin-induced clarity, I reflected in a journal. I wrote love poetry to myself and that girl from the floor below. I didn’t clean my room because the vitamins taught me to embrace parts of my personality and cleaning would mean that I was throwing a central part away. Instead, since Friday, I have tossed my skateboard, rededicated my life to the Word, and developed a mantra for my academic and physical lives: “The Strength of the Hills is His also. Healthfulness is next to Godliness.”

Paul Coehlo is a member of the Class of 2023 and, as of Monday morning, is a religion-economics double major.

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OPINION

Molly Just Doesn't Hit the Same in Socially-Distanced Parking Lot Dance Parties

It's the summer of 2019. I'm wearing gladiator-style heels and a holographic bodysuit with purple sparkly fairy wings on the back. My face is tight with the full tube of body glitter I used to paint a Lil Uzi-esque gem over my third eye. Arm in arm with my best friend, who has on black leather assless chaps, I feel ready to face the music. Literally.

Strutting across the vomit strewn fields of Lollapalooza, I've never felt more alive. There's something beautiful about men in mesh maxi skirts dry humping mannequins that you can't find anywhere else. A warm breeze blows against my cheek and I close my eyes, inhaling the summer scent of sweat-matted chest hair and weed. Pulling out our little blue pills, my best friend and I say cheers as the sun be-

gins to set, and get ready for the magic that only molly can provide.

Standing in a dark parking lot covered in early March slush, I sigh heavily as I draw my chalk social distance circle around my body. Tiesto comes over the speakers, and a shudder runs down my spine as I'm rocketed back to those warm summer nights. I look around for my friends, but the flashing strobe does little to counter the effects of the mask-beanie combo. Alone on my chalk island, how am I meant to show the love coursing through my veins like Crush from *Finding Nemo* hurtling through the jet stream? This is totally not righteous. My emotional warmth only slightly fills the void of finding myself head bobbing in a parka, looking like Pistachio Disguisey at the Turtle Club.

I pop another pill. I'm wearing a candy necklace. It's not candy. The sweet processed sugar has been replaced with colorful servings of pure MDMA. My teeth have stopped chattering from the cold because my jaw is uncontrollably clenched. My sweat has chilled me to the bone but I've never felt so HOT! I strip off my Canada Goose and suddenly there is NOTHING that can stop me from being here, spinning, arms outstretched in this chalk Pangea.

The world fades in and out and I can almost see the band members crowd surfing around me. I open my mouth to catch the scalding Vermont sleet on my tongue and feel pills fall between my parted lips. PubSafe asks for my ID and I reach out to stroke Chocolate Thunder's cheek. His strong arms wrap

around me and I am lifted, lifted away as if I'm back in those sparkly fairy wings. Flying. Flying... flying far away from the tantric vibrations of mental mosh pits and confetti rockets, it hits me that the real rolling I'm doing is not a psychoactive trip but rather rolling full tilt down Mead Chapel hill. As my head whips around on another rotation through the mud, I see Chocolate Thunder sprawled on the marble steps. I can't recall what's happened. Are those helicopter searchlights above me?

As my eyes begin to close, I know that when they ask for my name, I will tell them my truth. I'm not scared anymore. I feel so sorry for them to not know life as I know life. I weep. Finally, I smile up at them from this cosmic realm and welcome them to my world.

Hello, I'll say. I'm Molly.

Pubsafe Should Have Tasers (for my Sociology Thesis)

I have long been outspoken about my quest to be the official most anti-cop student on campus. My lengthy history with anti-police work, which, by pure coincidence, has only been documented since June of 2020, includes some of the prettiest, most pastel infographics Instagram has ever seen – and I even explained what ACAB meant to my cousin's conservative friend when we were all up at the lake house this summer. It should thus come as no surprise that in my sociology thesis, I plan to completely revolutionize our understanding of policing as a nation.

Since my initial proposal of creating an elaborate numerical index to rank every student on campus from most-to-least woke was rejected by the department (bureaucratic bullshit, but that's for another op-ed), I had to go back to the drawing board. However, my new plan – a personal ethnography about my experiences with Pubsafe as an arm of the carceral state – is kind of dry. Some of my classmates have told me that I've yet to encounter any real problems with Pubsafe because I'm white and also terrified of getting in trouble. However, if Pubsafe officers are the hyper-militarized piranhas of discipline which I know them to be, I fail to see how that could be the problem. Thus, I am openly calling on Pubsafe to invest in a taser program, and furthermore, to tase me.

I know what you're all thinking: doesn't Pubsafe have tasers already? Based on my study of going up to every officer I can find and asking them if they have a taser, they do not. But I've decided that it actually feels disingenuous for them to not have tasers. If you're going to be a police force, why not commit all the way? I think that a more armed Pubsafe would further legitimize the cause of police abolition, and bring me the much-needed attention for my thesis to cement me as the ultimate martyr for the movement.

While they're at it, Pubsafe should install more cameras to make sure we get good raw footage of me getting tased. A gritty video of me getting tased outside the FIC would shove it in the face of my department rival, who's doing a joint thesis with theatre and starring in a one-woman show about realizing she's upper class. I've wanted to one-up her ever since she got a higher grade than me on our "playlist about Karl Marx" assignment back in the intro class. What is academia if not a competition for the most dramatic personal experience?

Finally, my last request for Pubsafe is a simple one: would you guys please give me a heads up on when you're going to tase me? I'd love a little time to plan my outfit.

The Long-Haired Girls Advice Column: Helping Out a Short-Haired Girl

Dear Long-Haired Girls,

Hi Stubblehead,

I just made a grave mistake. Last week, while planning my WRMC show, I shaved my head, mistakenly thinking this would liberate me and make look cute in sort of a gay way. Unfortunately I have a weird lump — possibly cancerous, but more importantly, hideous — on the top of my head. I'm so scared to go back to school! What do I do?

*Signed,
Stubblehead*

First of all, get that shit checked out — early detection is crucial. Our aunt is an oncologist and can totally help you if you live in the New Haven area. If you come to our house, we can write down her name for you. Second, we totally understand your situation. We obviously have really long hair, and it's blonde, but we know a few people with short hair and even have been friendly with them!

We know what you're thinking: supplements. Hear us out though — the gummies world is dangerous. They're delicious, but they come from people with devious intentions. The FDA is a part of it, but we can't talk about that. [We're under investigation (frivolous) but if you come to our house, we can maybe share some insights about this with you.]

But anyway, there's a baldie in trouble, and the long-haired girls are here to help. To grow your hair really fast and in a compelling way:

1. Take Biotin supplements — the hard kind, not the soft kind. If you can't swallow them whole, use your immersion blender to mix them into your soup.
2. Count your blessings.

3. Consider an animal-based diet! Animals are known to be lethargic, jealous, slutty. Eating them will help eliminate bad vibes from your circle.

And lastly, don't be scared about what the people at school think. Or be scared? Whatever helps you activate your follies (insider jargon) and prevents you from making such a destructive mistake ever again.

Besos,
Long-haired Girls

SPORTS AND BEAUTY

Middlebury Recruits Community Friends to Lacrosse Team as Season Starts with Most Athletes Remote

Following the recent announcement that all NESCAC Spring Sports will resume this month, the Middlebury Lacrosse coaching staff was forced to turn to the college’s Community Friends Program to fill this year’s roster, as approximately 98% of the existing Lacrosse team is off campus. Now, over fifty local children under the age of fifteen have been registered with the school as American Studies majors to fulfill the NESCAC’s requirement of “having people on the field” in order to qualify as a team.

“Look, this is a season unlike any

other,” says Lacrosse Coach Keith Brooks. “When I asked them to ‘give me everything they got’ one of them reached into his pocket and pulled out a half-eaten ring pop. I don’t think they’ve learned about idioms yet in school...”

While many question this plucky new team’s grit, skill, hand-eye coordination, attention spans, communication skills, and height, no one can question their heart. Tommy Asher, a local first grader, is determined to not let the college down this season.

“Being a Middlebury Panther means something to me. But I’ll be honest, I’ve been looking at Midd Lacrosse’s record over the past few years, and I’m not impressed.” says Asher. “I think this is a great opportunity to bring in some new perspectives. I’m looking forward to cracking open some Capri-Suns with the boys. I won’t skip out to North Carolina because I care about this team. I want to get home in time for mommy to read me *Good Night Moon*.”

Although Asher, along with seventeen other community friends, is still paralyzed from last week’s

scrimmage against Amherst’s Men’s Lacrosse team, he is determined to cleat back up for their big game against Williams this weekend. Seveal bookies in Rutland seem to favor Williams, with a preliminary line being set at sixty-four points, however, Middlebury is excited to try out their new tactic of exhausting the Williams team by repeating everything they say and then picking up their arms to ask “why are you hitting yourself?” until they walk away.

Midd Basketball Star Joins NHL* *as zamboni driver

Following his idol and Middlebury’s only successful sports player, Stephen Hauschka ‘07, Nolan McCormack ‘21 was proud to announce this week that he too has been drafted to the big leagues- but as a second string zamboni driver for the Boston Bruins.

McCormack had initially planned to be in the NBA since he is in the Middlebury Hall of Fame for averaging 2 points a game in the NESCACs. But when the opportunity to join the NHL arose, he couldn’t pass it up. This was aided by the fact that he was #4500 on this year’s NBA draft behind his mom, the entire Middlebury Classics department, and his neighbor’s gecko.

“Yeah that’s not a real list,” said his father on the record. “I got one of my buddies to send him a Word document that said ‘draft’ on the top to make him feel better. But don’t worry, through his hidden talents,

and no nepotism at all, I was able to get him a job for a team I partially own.”

Sources close to McCormack say he doesn’t know much about ice hockey but he’s excited to learn. He’s dedicated two full hours a week to watching *Blades of Glory*, and might watch *Ice Princess* as a treat.

Although he plans on graduating right into this career, many members of the Bruins have expressed concerns following last year’s scandal where he mangled DJ Earworm in a drunk “zamboning” incident, after which DJ Earworm refused to perform again and Midd students were banned indefinitely from even looking at the zamboni.

Following McCormack’s brave leap into the unknown, the Quidditch team plans on following suit by learning how to play a real sport.

Study Finds Straight Cis Men Cannot Be Misogynistic if They Wear Nail Polish

Last week, the Chellis House released the long-awaited results of their study on whether straight cis men can be misogynistic if they wear chipped nail polish and other supposed signifiers of solidarity. In what was a welcoming revelation for the male residents of the Mill, Brooker House, and frequent visitors to the Gamut Room, the Chellis House researchers determined with a 99.7% confidence interval that it’s impossible to hold misogynistic views when one looks that hot.

Abbott Clark-Thomas ‘23.5, also known as Ryder in social spaces, spoke to us moments after the findings were released as he kick-flipped outside of Proctor Dining Hall. “I mean, like, I’m not surprised because how could I be misogynistic if I always queue FKA Twigs first at WOMP? Women are goddesses — except my bitch RA. She can fucking suck it. She’s, like, gotta be on her period or something ‘cause she’s fucking crazy. Wait, hold up, that’s not to say I wouldn’t have sex with a girl on her period. ‘Cause I totally would. I’m so cool with that.”

Men across campus can now break out their single dangly earring and outdoor gaslighting voices without reservation so long as their nails are freshly gelled. For those who don’t have access to such accessories, the Chellis House has announced yet another goodie bag initiative to bridge the gap. Now anyone can have their own black nail polish, eyeliner, and neon-colored, child-sized Carhartt beanie that will never, ever keep your ears warm.

Later this week, Chellis will be releasing the results of their similarly anticipated study “Do We Like Rachel Maddow? Do We *Need* Rachel Maddow? What about Oprah?” Stay tuned: sexism is almost over.

